The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home.

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Parva Domus—Magna Quies.

A narrow home but very still it seemeth;
A silent home, no stir or tumult here.
Who wins that pillow of no sorrow dreameth,
No whirling echoes jar his sealèd ear;
The tired hand lies very calm and quiet,
The weary foot no more hard paths will tread,
The great world may revolve in clash and riot,
To its loud summons leaps nor heart nor head.

The violets bloom above the tranquil sleeper,
The morning dews fall gently on the grass,
Amid the daisies kneels the lonely weeper;
He knows not when her lingering footsteps pass.
The autumn winds sigh softly o'er his slumber,
The winter piles the snow-drifts o'er his rest;
He does not care the flying years to number.
The narrow home contents its silent guest.

No baffled hope can haunt, no doubt perplexes,
No parted love the deep repose can chase,
No petty care can irk, no trouble vexes.
From misconstruction his hushed heart is safe,
Freed from the weariness of worldly fretting,
From pain and failure, bootless toil and strife,
From the dull wretchedness of vain regretting
He lies, whose course has passed away from life.

A narrow home, and far beyond it lieth
The land whereof no mortal lips can tell.
We strain our sad eyes as the spirit flieth,
Our fancy loves on heaven's bright hills to dwell.
God shuts the door, no angel lip uncloses;
They who have pass'd no word of help have said.
Only the Cross speaks where our dust reposes,
"Trust Him who calls unto his rest our dead."

Our Goodly Land.

A HARVEST ADDRESS.

BY JOSEPH WOOD.

PSALM XVI. 6.—"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Jesus, who took nature and the human heart for his great lesson-books, once asked his hearers to "consider the lilies of the field, how they grow." That was a counsel from the spring time. We may well think of him saying in the autumn and at the time of harvest, "consider the grains of wheat." You take an ear of corn and you break the little yellow grains from the stalk, or you plunge your hand into the sack as it comes from the threshing machine and you let the golden drops run down like a rivulet. What are they, those grains and golden drops? They are the flesh and blood of men, and all the work and wars of men, all their lawful efforts, all their unlawful greed, are for their possession.

Consider the grains of wheat. Sometimes they are dry and shrivelled, hard as pellets of shot; sometimes they are large and full; some are red in colour, others are a swarthy yellow, many are white, while a few are almost black. You may hold a hundred in your palm without difficulty. They are not heavy as they lie in the hand, yet those little grains are a ponderous weight that rules man's world. Wherever they are in abundance there is empire. Could

Imperial Rome have only grown sufficient wheat in Italy to have fed her legions, Cæsar might still be master of three-fourths of the Eastern hemisphere. Rome thought more in her later days of grapes and oysters, and mullets that change colour when they die, and singing girls, and flute playing—anything rather than corn. Rome is no more, and the lords of the earth are they who have mastership of wheat. These sacks of corn in the market place are truly filled with gold dust. Each one of us in his struggle for money is really striving for the wealth of wheat. Corn is coin, and coin is corn, and whether it be a labourer in the field, who no sooner receives his weekly wage than he exchanges it for bread, or the financier in Lombard Street who loans his millions, the object is really the same—wheat. All ends there: iron works, factories, furnaces, the counter, the desk—no one can live on these things; no one can live on iron, or coal, or cotton, or rows of figures, or bills of exchange; the object all have in view is sacks of wheat.

It was its great fruitfulness, and chiefly its corn-growing capacity, that made the Psalmist speak of Palestine as "A goodly land." It is exactly the same thing which made England a desirable place for human dwelling, that brought here, first the Saxon, then the Dane, then the Normans, all looking with covetous eyes upon these golden acres, the beautiful wolds of peaceful corn. Palestine was coveted by the surrounding tribes for the same reason. Palestine was the England of the East. I think it is Miss Harriet Martineau who says that nothing which she had seen about the world so reminded her of the rolling Yorkshire and Northumberland country as the approach to Palestine by Hebron. It was a country fair, fertile, glad and homelike. Remember its description:—"The Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks and waters, and fountains and depths which spring out of the valleys and hills; a land of wheat and barley, vines and fig-trees, and pomegranates; a land of olive oil and honey; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness; thou shalt not lack anything in it; a land whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass." In how many respects does that description fit our own country? Thank God for the fair features, the rich variety, the glorious beauty, the abundant fruitfulness of the land in which our lot is cast—our promised land, our Canaan to which our fathers were led. Yea, we have a goodly heritage, and the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places. Take it all in all, perhaps there is no country in the world so good to live in, to work in, to rejoice in, as this England of ours. Where are fields so green, rivers so constant in their flow, trees so stately, skies more varied and picturesque with cloud and sunshine; where are corn-fields so prolific; where is movement easier, and where are all the products of the world so easily accessible as in our sea-girt isle? You, who know most of England love it best. I would have you rejoice in it as the old Psalmists rejoiced in the land God had given their people.

It is a goodly land, and the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places! "Oh," says one, "that is a comfortable doctrine to preach to a well-to-do congregation, none of whom ever knew what it was to want a loaf of bread. But is there not sorrow in the land; is there not want in the land; is there not crying; are there not thousands and hundreds of thousands for whom it is not a goodly land at all, not a kindly mother in the least, but a cruel mother, a barren land?" That, also, is perfectly true, and I would not have you forget it. Yet all that is no fault of the land, as God made it and gave it to us, and we do well to rejoice in the gift however inequitably men may share it among one another. Still the skies, as God painted them, are blue, although men have blackened them with smoke; still the waters, as He sends them into the valleys, are fresh and life-giving, however men have poisoned them with their filth and refuse. There are a thousand human arrangements and defilements and iniquities to be rectified. For all that, it remains true that ours is a goodly land, goodly also in this, that there is an innate sense of justice in English hearts, which will not allow them to be comfortable under God's gifts while so many in our midst are crying for want. We may rejoice in England for this, that in no country in the world are such strenuous efforts being made to right all wrongs and to promote a real brotherhood of love. This also makes ours a goodly heritage.

Yet we may turn for a little while to the other and darker side of the picture as not inconsistent with harvest thoughts and harvest thanksgiving.

Let us gladly raise our harvest song; let us rejoice when we gather into barns the golden grains that are our strength and sinew. But let us also think of the price that is paid for the harvest we enjoy. Let Richard Jeffries take us into one of our corn-growing villages, such as we may find in any of our English shires, when the little army go forth with their crooked weapons to cut and slay. Richard Jeffries describes a village where the reaping machine has not invaded, but the broad results are the same everywhere. Our guide points out that the workers are terribly in earnest. Your skin or mine could not stand the scratching of the straw, which is stiff and sharp, and the burning of the sun, which blisters like hot iron. No one can stand the harvest field as a worker except he has been cradled in a cottage and passed his childhood bareheaded in July heats and January snows. I have often wondered how these men, and sometimes women, could stand it, for the summer day is long, and they were there hours before I was up. The edge of the reaping hook has to be driven by sheer force through the short stalks like a sword, blow after blow, minute after minute, hour after hour, the back stooping, and the sun throwing his fiery rays from a full disc on the head and neck. Some of them wind a scarf about the middle of the body, for they are very liable to be struck down by the great heat. Their necks in these harvest days grow black, like black oak in old houses. Their shoulders are rounded, the breast-bone is burned black, and their arms, tough as oak, seem cased in leather. They grow visibly thinner in the harvest, and shrink together, all flesh disappearing, and nothing but muscle and sinew remaining. Never was such work. The wages are low, and the reaping is piece-work, at so much per acre,—like solid gold to men and women whose only chance it is to pay their rent and keep a roof over their heads in the long winter. So they work and slave, and tear out the wheat as if seized with a frenzy; the heat, the aches, the illness, the sunstroke always impending in the air—the stomach hungry before the frugal meal is over—it is nothing. No song, no laugh, no story, no pause to admire the scenery; on from morn till night, possessed with the maddened desire to labour, for the more they can cut the larger the sum they will receive, and what is man's brain and heart to money? So hard you see is the pressure of life that in the eagerness to work these miserables will actually out-sell each other to the farmer, and will work on, almost tearing their arms from their sockets for a wage which only just suffices to keep body and soul together.

Does it not seem bitter that it should be so? Here is the wheat, the beauty of which has delighted us when we have seen it waving in the breeze, a mimic sea of gold, this very wheat scourging the labourer with the knot of necessity: that which should give life pulling the life out of them, rendering their existence below that of cattle, so far as the pleasure of living goes. Without doubt, many a low mound in the churchyard, once visible, now level, was the sooner raised over the nameless dead because of the terrible strain in the few weeks of the gold fever. This is human life for the labourer,—no rest, no calm enjoyment of the scene, no generous gift of food and wine lavishly offered by the gods,—the hard fist of necessity for ever battering a man; the heat and the rain, the wind and the frost hammering his face into repoussè work; the chills of winter, the damp of the fields, the overpowering heat laying up in his bones the seeds of disease, and with no possible outlook for old age but the workhouse or the charity of children who live the same hard life.

Once and again letters appear in the newspapers denouncing the hypocrisy of our harvest thanksgivings. Surely, the writers urge, if any should rejoice in the kindly fruits of the earth it should be the actual sowers and reapers, and yet these are the men who are the least advantaged by the harvests they prepare and gather. They do not eat of that which they gather, or their eating is a bare and beggarly subsistence. The lot of the agricultural labourer has long been a blot on our civilisation, and it is a mockery to tell him that his is a goodly heritage or that the lines have fallen to him in pleasant places. "The nearer the church the further from God" is an old country proverb. We may vary it by saying, "The nearer to wheat the farther from bread." They who have the most to do with its production find it the hardest to get a share for themselves, and their share is the smallest of all.

What then? Why still I would have you rejoice in the harvest, but I would also have you made thoughtful by the remembrance of the toil, the hunger, the want, the disease of this great mass of human labour by which harvests are manured and produced. I would have you remember its dreary outlook, its scanty fare, its entirely inadequate portion of the fruits which come from its hands; and yet again I would have you rejoice in the rising tide of sympathy with these unfortunates which marks our own time, and in your own power to labour for their uplifting. Rejoice and be saddened at the same time when you think of God's bounty and man's cruelty to man, but rejoice again as you think of man's better nature and the resolve that is stirring in many hearts, not to be content with one's own welfare, receiving so much while so many are thrust down into a wronged and hopeless condition. Let the fulness of harvest arouse a glad song, but let it also set us considering why this land of pleasant places is not a goodly heritage for those by whose skill and toil our harvests are won.

The Theology of the Future.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

The Theology of the future will dwell on something else than "The five points of Calvanism," and I have thought it well to consider the counterparts of this ancient system in five points of the coming Theology. Let us endeavour to see what they will be.

1. I believe the first point of doctrine in the theology of the future will be the Fatherhood of God. The essence of this is the love of the father for his children; but fatherly love is a wise love, a firm love, and a pure love, which seeks the best good of the child. Thus the idea of fatherhood includes that of the holiness, the truthfulness and the justice of God: in a world all the divine attributes.

The justice of God as a father is not, as in the old theology, an abstract justice, which has no regard to consequences. God's justice is only another form of mercy; it is the wise law which brings good to the universe, and is a blessing to every creature.

Jesus has everywhere emphasized this truth that God is a Father. We find it pervading the gospels and coloring all his teaching. We find it already in the Sermon on the Mount, which tells us that we are to let our light shine, not to glorify ourselves, but to glorify our Father in Heaven; that we are to love our enemies, that we may be like our Heavenly Father, who loves his enemies and makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good.

Jesus tells us that when we pray we are to pray to our Father not to an infinite power or abstract justice, or far-off sovereignty. We are to look out of our sin and sorrow and weakness, not to an implacable law but to an infinite and inexhaustible tenderness, and we are to forgive others because our Father in Heaven forgives us. We are not to be anxious, remembering that our Heavenly Father feeds the little birds of the air. We are to pray, confident that our Heavenly Father will give good things to those that ask him. Thus the idea of the Divine Fatherhood pervades the earliest as it fills the latest teachings of Jesus.

2. The second point of doctrine in the new theology will be, I think, the Brotherhood of Man.

If men are the children of the same father, then they are all brethren. If God loves them all, they must all have in them something lovable. If he has brought them here by his providence they are here for some important end. Therefore we must call no man common or unclean; look down upon none; despise none; but respect in every man that essential goodness which God has put into his soul, and which he means to be at last unfolded into perfection.

As from the idea of the Fatherhood of God will come all the pieties, so from that of the Brotherhood of Man will proceed all the charities. This doctrine is already the source of missions, philanthropies, reforms, and efforts to seek and save those who are surrounded by evil. It leads men to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to teach the blind, to soothe the madness of delirium, to diffuse knowledge, and to preach glad tidings to the poor. This doctrine of the Brotherhood of Man, when fully believed, will be the source of purer moralities and nobler charities.

3. The third point of doctrine in the new

theology will be, as I think, the Leadership of Jesus.

Christ is our leader, and in following him we follow his mind, his heart, his spirit—the spirit of his words, the spirit of his life. If we know the mind of Christ in regard to any truth or duty, we have what is satisfactory, convincing, substantial. He himself must be the chief source of knowledge in regard to the essence of his gospel. The church may be divided as to its belief, but if we have the mind of Christ that is enough. We can rest in that and be perfectly contented.

The simplest definition of a Christian is one who follows Christ. This was Jesus' own definition, "My sheep hear my voice and follow me," "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," "Come to me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden." When Mary sat at his feet and heard his words, he said that she had chosen the good part and had done the one thing needful.

4. The fourth point of the new theology will be Salvation by character. Salvation means the highest peace and joy of which the soul is capable. It means heaven here and heaven hereafter. This salvation has been explained as something outside of us—some outward gift—some outward condition, place or circumstance. We speak of going to heaven as if we could be made happy solely by being put into a happy place. But the true heaven is a state of the soul. It is inward goodness. It is Christ found within. It is the love of God in the heart, going out into the life and character.

The first words which Christ spoke indicated this belief. The poor in spirit already possess the kingdom of heaven. The pure in heart already see God. "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." He who has the faith which Jesus possessed, has eternal life abiding in him. The water that Jesus gives becomes a spring of water within the soul, "springing up into everlasting life." Do not look for an outward heaven, saying, "Lo! here," or "Lo! there"—"for the kingdom of heaven is within you."

When we come to study the words of Jesus, as we now study human theologies, we shall find that he indentifies goodness with heaven, and makes character the essence of salvation. And when we see that spiritual tastes and habits are not to be acquired in an hour, and perceive that all outward professions, prayers, and sacraments avail nothing unless the heart is pure, a new motive will be added to increase the goodness of the world. Character will then be the fruit of Christian faith to an extent never before realized.

5. The fifth point of doctrine in the new theology will, as I believe, be the Continuity of Human Development in all worlds, or the Progress of Mankind onward and upward for ever. Progress is the outward heaven, corresponding to the inward heaven of character. The hope of progress is one of the chief motives to action. Men are contented, no matter how poor their lot, so long as they can hope for something better. And men are discontented, no matter how fortunate their condition, when they have nothing more to look forward to.

The old theology laid no stress on progress here, or progress hereafter. The essential thing was conversion; that moment passed, the object of life was attained. A man converted on his death bed, after a life of sin, was supposed to be as well prepared for heaven as the man who had led a Christian life during long years. There was no hint given of further progress after heaven should be reached, but eternity was to be passed in perpetual thanksgiving, or in perpetual enjoyment of the joys of paradise.

Such, however, was not the teaching of Jesus. The servant, in the parable, who earned two pounds, was made ruler over two cities. And this accords with all we see and know; with the long processes of geological development by which the earth became fitted to be the home of man; with the slow ascent of organized beings from humbler to fuller life; with the progress of society from age to age; with the gradual diffusion of knowledge; the advancement of civilization; the growth of free institutions; and the continual attainment of higher conceptions of God.

The one fact which is written on nature and human life is the fact of progress; and this must be accepted as the purpose of the Creator. He, who made this world so lovely, will make the other world as lovely, and as full of all that can contribute to our education and progress; there, as here, will be found an infinite variety of occupation, employment, discipline, enough to know, enough to do, enough to love. God,

who has made this earth with such boundless provision for us; who has spread such a majestic and tender beauty over all nature; who has filled sky and sea, air and earth, with such harmonies of form and colour, such melodies of woods, and winds, and waters; will open around us there a still more sublime scenery, a still more lovely nature, under the same great providence, the same all-blessing love.

"We ask for peace, O Lord!
Thy children ask Thy peace;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease;
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life would fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day—
It is not for such peace that we would pray.

"But give Thy peace, O Lord!
To toil while others sleep,
To sow with loving care
What other hands should reap—
To lean on Thee, entranced,
Give us that peace, O Lord!
Divine and blest—
Thou keepest for those hearts which love
Thee best."

Such will be the theology of the Church of the future which will be emancipated from ritualism, dogmatism, and sectarianism, and possess continually more and more of the mind and heart of Jesus Christ.

Micromega.

[Translated from Voltaire.]

PART I.

[François-Marie Abouet, wit, poet, dramatist, historian, philosopher, satirist, speculator, man of science, man of affairs, man of gallantry —who made for himself the famous name Voltaire — found the wise-acres of the French Academy of Sciences droning off into the slumber of self-complacency. They had decided to their complete satisfaction that there were no other habitable worlds than ours; that there were no inhabitants in the world worth speaking of except Frenchmen; that there were no Frenchmen, besides Parisians, and that there were no Parisians deserving mention outside the Academy. Voltaire put this stinging nettle into their bed.]

In one of those huge planets which wheel round Sirius, the dog-star, there lived a very intelligent young man whom I had the pleasure of meeting the last time he visited the little ant-hill we call earth. He was called Micromega, a name which, for that matter, well expresses the comparative insignificance of all great people; he was twenty-four miles long. When I say twenty-four miles, I mean it, he measured a hundred and twenty thousand feet in his stockings.

Now, place any geometrician in possession of this gentleman's height and he will at once sit down and calculate, that since a globe of twenty-five thousand miles round produces a man of about five-and-a-half feet high, the planet which Mr. Micromega inhabited must necessarily have a circumference just twenty-one millions six hundred thousand times greater than our tiny earth. Nature, you see, is orderly and proportionate in all her works.

Such being the height of his highness, an artist will readily ascertain that he must have measured fifty thousand feet round the waist, while, since the nose is a third of the length of the human face, and the face again the seventh-part of the height, it follows that the Siriau's nose must have measured nearly a mile-and-a-half in length.

As for his mind, it was most highly cultivated. He knew much and invented more. At the early age of two hundred and fifty he evolved more than fifty new propositions of Euclid from his own internal consciousness. As he advanced to boy-hood, at four hundred and fifty, he took pleasure in dissecting insects, invisible to ordinary microscopes, being no more than a hundred feet long. He composed a learned book about them which made quite a stir. But the king of his country, who was both ignorant and crotchety, insisted that the book inculcated heretical and erroneous doctrines, and sentenced the author to be banished from court for eight hundred years. Micromega was very little troubled at leaving a court celebrated for arrogant ignorance and servile shoe-licking. He wrote some smart verses against the king and his courtiers, to the monarch's very considerable annoyance, and then set-out on a journey from planet to planet to form his mind. We who dwell upon a mere blot of mud, a splash

from the great universe, can seldom conceive of anything beyond our own clouds, can scarcely realise any form of locomotion better than those with which we are familiar. But our traveller knew the laws of gravitation, and was alive to the nature of the centrifugal and centripetal forces. By means of fire condensed from sunbeams he obtained a most powerful motive force without need of fuel, whereby he was enabled to flit from planet to planet as a bird hops from bough to bough. He simply took flight and, after a raped journey, alighted on the planet Saturn. Micromega could scarcely repress a smile at seeing the little globe and its little people. For since Saturn is only nine hundred times as large as the earth, its inhabitans are mere dwarfs of only about a mile high. But he had quite sense enough not to ridicule a man because he measured no more than five thousand feet. When he had done astonishing the people he became familiar with them and soon formed an intimate friendship with the secretary of the Academy of Sciences. It may be interesting to report a singular conversation which took place one day between Micromega and the Saturnian:—

"How varied is Nature in her ways!" said Micromega, lounging into a seat.

"True," answerd the Saturnian." "Nature is like a garden of flowers."

"Never mind the flowers," said the other.

"Nature is like an assembly of beautiful damsels—like a gallery of superb pictures."

"Never mind comparisons," said Micromega sharply. "Nature is Nature and no more can be said about it. Why do you try?"

"To please you," answered the secretary.

"I don't want to be pleased," said Micromega." "I want to be instructed. Tell me how many senses the people of your globe possess?"

"We have seventy-two," said the academician, "but every day we find them too few. Our imagination soars beyond our capacities for realising its dreams. Our seventy-two senses, our ring, our five moons, all are too circumscribed, and, in spite of all, we weary and die of tedium vitæ rather than of old age."

"I quite believe it," answered Micromega. "It is the same with us in our globe, where we have a thousand senses. I have travelled not a little, and seen beings both superior and inferior to ourselves; but I have never yet found any who had not more desires than wants, and more wants than could be gratified. May be I shall, one day, reach a country where people want for nothing; but up to the present time I have not seen anyone who could tell me exactly where it is situated. Let us revert from fancies to facts. How long do men live in this planet?"

"Oh, but a very little while," said the little Saturnian; "only five hundred revolutions round the sun" (about fifteen thousand years of our reckoning). "You see it gives us no time at all. Our life is but a point, our years are but a moment, our globe is but an atom. One has scarce begun to live—experience is impossible—when death comes and casts us down."

Micromega answered, "Were you not a philosopher I should fear to afflict you, by telling you that our life is seven hundred times as long. But when the moment arrives for us to give up our bodies to the elements, to be re-animated into new forms (the process we call death), it matters little to have lived an eternity or to have lived but a day—it is the same thing. With us, we are always complaining of the shortness of life; and I have been in distant planets, where folks live a thousand times longer. It is the same there. Only now and then does one meet a wise man who accepts his lot and gives humble thanks to the Great Author of his being. But tell me, how many essential properties of matter you distinguish?"

"If you speak of essential properties without which our globe could not exist," replied the Saturnian, "we reckon three hundred—such as expansion, impenetrability, mobility, gravitation, divisibility, and so on."

"Doubtless, this small number suffices for the purposes the Creator had in view in making so small a planet," said Micromega, "I reverence His wisdom in it all. A little globe—little inhabitants with a few sensations—matter with meagre properties—it is all-wise and proportionate. What colour is your sun?"

"A yellowish white," said the Saturnian; "and when we divide one of its rays, we find it composed of seven colours."

"Our sun," said Micromega, "is of a metallic red tone, and we have thirty-nine primitive colours. No sun I have ever seen is like it."

After some more conversation of a similar nature, the two philosophers determined to travel together, and explore other planets. So, packing up their mathematical instruments, they left Saturn, and soon alighted upon the ring. Thence they journeyed from moon to moon, and availing themselves of a passing comet, they mounted it, and were swiftly carried through space. After a long time, seeing a little shining ball beneath them, they resolved to rest there, and so descended the tail of the comet. An aurora borealis brought them safely to our earth, where they landed on the southern shore of the Baltic Sea, July 5th, 1737. First they walked from north to south, then they walked all round the world, accomplishing the latter journey in thirty-six hours; but they could not see a single inhabitant, nor discern the least sign to lead them to suspect that beings so distinguished as ourselves had the honour of existing.

The Saturnian Academician, who sometimes jumped rather rashly to conclusions, decided, without hesitation, that the earth was uninhabited. The first reason he gave was that he had not seen any inhabitants.

"Allow me to remind you that your reasoning is bad," said Micromega; "for by the same argument you might contend that many stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which are distinctly visible to me, do not simply exist because your little eyes cannot perceive them."

"But," returned his dwarfish companion, "I have examined carefully."

"But," said the other, "you have badly weighed the results of your examination."

"But," urged the dwarf, "this little globe is so badly constructed, it so irregular and so ridiculous in shape. It is all a chaos. Look at those little crooked streams no bigger than a thread, and those shapeless ponds, neither round nor square, nor any other shape, and these little peaks that prick one's feet so in walking. (He was speaking of rivers, and oceans, and mountains). "Observe the form of the globe, how flat it is at the poles. What makes me think it is uninhabited, is because no person well supplied with senses could possibly reconcile himself to dwell there."

"Very good," said Micromega, "but even that would not exclude people indifferently supplied with senses from living here. It seems to me all this was not made for nothing. It may appear irregular enough compared with Jupiter and Saturn; but the fact that we cannot perceive its order should not make us suppose it is necessarily in confusion. Have I not told you that my travels have led me to remark the variety of Nature's ways?" The Saturnian replied somewhat warmly, and the dispute would not have soon finished, had not Micromega, by accident, broken the thread of a diamond necklace he wore. The diamonds fell upon the ground. They were nice little gems. The largest might weigh four hundred weight, the smallest, perhaps, fifty pounds. The dwarf began to pick up, and, as he did so, discovered that the fashion of their cutting rendered them splendid microscopes. He took one little microscope, which magnified a hundred and sixty times, and applied it to his eye. Micromega chose one of a magnifying power of two thousand five hundred. The diamonds were excellent lenses, but at first they could perceive nothing by their aid. Presently, beginning to learn the focus of the instrument, the inhabitant of Saturn saw something very small and black upon the Baltic Sea; it was a whale. He raised it gently from the water, and setting it on his thumb-nail showed it to his fellow-traveller, who could not help smiling at the exceeding littleness of the inhabitants of our globe.

Theophilus Lindsey.

There is a little town, called Catterick, on the northern edge of my native county, where in the year 627 Paulinus, a missionary, baptised a great host of heathen in the river, and started a church. It is a very curious and capital story as Beda tells it, who died in 735, but I only mention the fact now that I may find a starting point for the story of another man who came to be minister of that church eleven hundred and thirty-six years after Paulinus gave the Pagans their new direction, if we can realise such a space of time in this land of yesterdays.

This man was Theophilus Lindsey, a great friend of Dr. Priestley and other Radicals, as we should call them, and by consequence a great friend of America in her dark days,—though he took no such active part for the colonies as

some of these old worthies did. Mr. Lindsey was indeed, in his earlier life, the last man you would have thought of for such a championship. His mother was a far-away cousin to the Marlboroughs, and for many years a resident in the family of the Countess of Huntingdon, whose son married Selina, the next Countess, the life-long friend of the early Methodists. And so, in the course of time, Master Lindsey was named Theophilus in honor of the noble Earl, and, no doubt, for the further purpose which prompts us to name our boy after some relative who has oceans of money or influence. If we can get one of those noble people to stand sponsar to our son, and especially if we intend him, as the Scotch say, "To wag his paw in a poopit," we can go to sleep with the assurance that so far we have done our whole duty by the boy.

So, no doubt, did Mr. Lindsey (the father) feel, who was a Scotchman, and knew what he was about as well as any Lindsey that ever crossed the border. Then, there were the Hastingses, with whom his wife was also intimate, two maiden ladies with warm hearts and plenty of money, and they took charge of the lad's education, sent him to the Grammar School in the town of Leeds, and from there to St. John's College in Cambridge, and kept him so well in mind that when a bishop wanted a travelling tutor for his son, they got the young scholar the post, and so added another string to his bow; for if the Huntingdons had no living ready when young Lindsey was ready to take orders, then the bishop would have one, and he would in any case be sure of a good parish. There was one ready for him in London in due time, by the grace of Lady Anne Hastings; and then the Huntingdons took hold and gave him a lift, too. The Duke of Somerset wanted a chaplain and needed one; they got him the place and the Duke, who was a very old man, presently died in his arms. Then the Duke of Northumberland, grandson to Somerset, went abroad with Lindsey, and when they returned, after two years, presented him with a living of very great value. Then the Huntingdons took hold again and presented him with a living better still. Northumberland again got his turn, and if he would go with the Duke to Ireland it was on the cards he should be made a bishop. But here Lindsey made a stand. He was content to be Vicar of his parish and would have no more. Well, Mr. Lindsey was now Vicar of a fine parish in Dorsetshire with all these rich and powerful friends to look out for him; and then, somehow, he found he had a conscience, and a glance towards God's truth, which would not let him rest. Everything in the world had been done for him, but this was not enough. He had to do something for himself which undid all the doing of the Huntingdons and Hastingses, the Somersets, and Northumberlands, and made it worth my while to tell his story.

The first sign he made (after refusing the chance to be a bishop) that he was not to be one of the old, easy-going sort of parsons, was a move to exchange his living in the south for one in the north,—this eleven-hundred-years-old church at Catterick. It was a harder place with a poorer income, but a man was wanted there who would put his own soul into his work, and Lindsey, as it turned out, was the man. Then there was another reason. He was reading one day in Paul's Epistles, when these words met his eye, "There is but one God, the Father." They sunk into his heart and haunted him so that he had to ponder them. "But one God, the Father." Then there was the Trinity he had believed in as a matter of course. There were men in the north like Turner of Wakefield, to whom he could talk about these troubles with some hope of finding his way out of them; and so he went gladly away from the pleasant old place in Dorset to the new and harder place.

But when he got there you could see at once he is the last man in the world to fold his hands and say—"I must get my beliefs straight before I begin to do my duty." Duty came first by tenor of the Divine word: "If ye do the works ye shall know the doctrine whether it be of God." He fed the hungry and clothed the naked, established schools, and lent books with lavish generosity, prescribed medicines, and made good his own prescriptions, lived with his young wife on a small slice of his income, spent the rest on his flock, made a paction with her that they should not save a sixpence, but just trust in God; did, in a word, what hundreds of these "good parsons of the town" have been doing in England ever since Chaucer sang of them, and long before, the easy-going breed

to the contrary notwithstanding. Yet again he did not make well-doing stand for true thinking. These thoughts haunted him wherever he went — of the Trinity or the Unity of God,—while all the time his mind settled steadily toward the unity as the truth in which he was to rest. He was a man of true learning and of a single heart. He would take no hasty step. His friends, by a vast majority, were in the old mother church; his social position and his living were there. He knew not where to turn for bread if he came out, and—he was half a Scotchman. The powerful friends were ready at any moment to give him a lift—if he wanted promotion. One church dignitary, an intimate friend, was also quite on his side when they talked these things over in private, but gave no hint of his distress when he had to read the Trinitarian formulas in the prayer book.

There was no such smothering of the soul open to Lindsey. He said, after he had come out and made a clean breast of it, "It appeared to me at last to be a real duplicity, that while I knew I was praying in my heart to the one God, the Father, the people who heard me were led by the language I used to address themselves to two other persons. And as one great design of our Saviour's mission was to promote the worship of the Father, the only true God, I could not think it right to do what I was doing for the simple-minded people I had about me." He had a stern monitor, also, in a fit of sickness which brought him within the shadows of death, and this compelled him to take the question close to his heart. And then he found an old book written by a man who had given up all he had in the world a hundred years before for his soul's sake; and this was what the man said to him across the century, "When thou canst no longer continue in thy work without dishonour to God and discredit to religion, giving up thy integrity, woundiug thy conscience, spoiling thy peace and risking thy salvation, thou must believe that God will turn the laying aside of thy work to the advancement of his gospel."

It took him ten years to fight his way out of the net. I think he would have got out sooner, but there was a struggle going on in the English Parliament to alter the old formulas, and make it easier for men of a tender conscience to say the prayers. But nothing came of it, and then Lindsey, with his good, true wife, prepared to go out, not knowing whither they went, trusting in God. They did a work of pure grace in the last year of their stay. The small-pox was making sad havoc in the parish, so they had all the children inoculated, and Mrs. Lindsey saw all the children through the crisis without a single fatality. Then, with their whole means used up, they prepared to leave Catterick forever. This was in November, as I make out, 1773. He had little chapels in his great rambling parish, off-shoots of the old mother church. He went to them all and told his story, and how they should see his face no more. The simple-hearted peasants and farmers wept like children. They could not follow him when he tried to tell them what he had found in the holy book; but there was one book they had read steadily, and that was the good parson's life. This was as good as fine wheat, and as sweet as heather, and so their souls clave unto him, and they lifted up their voices and wept and cried: "Now, parson, don't leave us. If you be Unitarian so be we. We go with you any way. Just stay and be our parson and we will make it all right about them up there." It was not the first time or the last, God help us, a man has had to tear his heart to bleeding for the sake of his conscience, but he must go away. All the paths his feet had worn were closed except that which went out into the wilderness, and, if it should please God, to the promised land. He sold his library for means to live, got about two hundred dollars for it, and then the worst of the fight was over and he was a free man.

He went with his wife up to London, where I must not follow him further than to say that he gathered there the first church of our order, Unitarian from the start; met those who wanted to hear him in a room for a while. Then they built a church in which it was a great joy and pride to me to preach in once when I was in London. It seemed a very sacred thing then to stand up in that pulpit. It seems still more sacred now as I think of that good confessor, a gray-haired man by that time, with the best in England at his back, turning away from that best to a better, the truth as it came to him from God through reading and meditation and prayer. And this is the lesson: that to be your own

honest sincere self in these days of shame and double dealing, especially in the things which lie at the very heart of moral and character, is the first thing to be sure about, if you want to be a whole man or woman. And so I have told you the story of honest Theophilus Lindsey.

ROBERT COLLYER.

Dawnlight on the Sea.

When I kneel down the dawn is only breaking;
Sleep fetters still the brown wings of the lark;
The wind blows pure and cold, for day is waking,
But stars are scattered still about the dark.

With open lattice, looking out and praying,
Ere yet the toil and trouble must be faced,
I see a silvery glimmer straying, straying,
To where the faint grey sky-line can be traced.

I see it slowly deepen, broaden, brighten,
With soft snow-fringes sweeping to the land,—
The sheeny distance clear and gleam and whiten—
The cool cliff-shadows sharpen on the sand.

Some other sea the sunlight is adorning,
But mine is fair 'neath waning stars and moon.
O friendly face!—O smile that comes at morning,
To shine through all the frowns that come at noon!

A beautiful wet opal—pale tints filling
A thousand shifting shallows—day at length.
The sweet, salt breeze, like richest wine, is thrilling
My drowsy heart and brain with life and strength.

I hear the voice of waters—strong waves dashing
Their white crests on the brown weed-sprinkled sod;
I hear the soft, continuous, measured plashing—
The pulse that vibrates from the heart of God;—

The long wash of the tide upon the shingle,
The rippling ebb of breakers on the shore,
Wherewith my prayers are fain to blend and mingle—
Whereto I set my dreams for evermore.

I hear the lap and swirl, I hear the thunder
In the dark grotto where the children play,—
Where walls to keep the sea and cave asunder,
And frail shell towers, were reared but yesterday.

The flood has filled my soul, and it is sweeping
My foolish stones and pebbles out to sea,
And floating in strange riches for my keeping,—
O friend—O God—I owe my best to thee!

The best of every day, its peace and beauty,
From thy mysterious treasure-house is drawn;
Thou teachest me the grace of life and duty
When we two talk together in the dawn.

ADA CAMBRIDGE.

Historic Notes on Midland Churches.

No. IX. Part II.

WHITCHURCH—THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL.

The chapel, opened in 1707, was wrecked by rioters in 1716, a similar fate befalling the chapels at Shrewsbury, Wem, and Wrexham. The account in the register, already quoted, attributes the destruction to "a high-church mob, the spirit of which has always been invariably the same, viz., that of intolerance and bigotry." The present disused chapel was "built by Government in its room.

Thomas Colthurst succeeded David Benion as minister. He was ordained in Dodington Chapel, on 30th October, 1728. An account of the proceedings is given by Mrs. Savage (Philip Henry's eldest daughter) in her diary. She writes: "A remarkable day at Whitchurch: Mr. Colthurst was solemnly set apart for the work and service of the ministry by fasting and prayer, and laying on of hands, by five ministers, who have themselves been so ordained: Mr. Berry, of Shrewsbury, and Mr. Dobson [then of Bullhouse], Mr. Kenrick, of Wrexham, Mr. Venables, of Oswestry, and son Holland, of Wem—the latter preached from Numbers xxvii. 18, 'Take Joshua, a man in whom is the spirit, and lay thine hand upon him.' Excellent, useful things. A full congregation. Each of the ministers bore their part. I trust a good day's work to the Church of God."

In July, 1729, Mr. Colthurst married "Mrs. Mary Bell, an orphan of considerable fortune."

About this period "a double lecture" was held in the chapel at intervals. At that on Wednesday, 9th September, 1730, Mrs. Savage was present. She tells us that "several from hence [Wrenbury in Cheshire] attended. Five ministers were present. Mr. Berry preached first, then Mr. Kenrick, of Wrexham."

In June, 1734, Job Orton was admitted to the Communion in this chapel as a preliminary to his entering Dr. Doddridge's academy.

Mr. Colthurst removed to Knutsford Chapel in 1738, and died there early in 1739, "a public loss, an upright, charitable man."

Little is known of his successor at Whitchurch, a young man named King, probably John King, from Newport, Salop. Mr. Jenkins tells us that in January, 1739, he finds from

Mr. Traill's diary, "Mr. King was settled at Whitchurch, who died rather a young man." Mrs. Savage, under date of 21st January, 1740, writes, "Tidings of the death of Rev. Mr. King, of Stych [near Whitchurch], at London, where he went for advice about his eyes. He was my son's dear and intimate friend." On 5th May following she writes, "Son Witton sets out early for Shropshire; son Holland and he are to divide and have Mr. King's books."

Next in succession as minister comes Ebenezer Keay—from 1739 to 1779. He was born at Newmarket, in Flintshire, and signs the register for the first time as minister at Dodington on 21st September, 1743, his last entry being dated on 30th March, 1777.

Fortunately many of the events of this period are recorded in the diary kept by Mr. John Yate, one of the leading members of the congregation. Portions of his manuscript were published in the Whitchurch Parish Magazine in 1873, by the kindness of the late Miss Lee, of Dodington—a descendant of Philip Henry's—who possessed the original book, since lost, but then "in an excellent state of preservation, but not easy to decipher by reason of the paleness of the ink and the character of the letters."

Yate is described by the present octogenarian Rector of Whitchurch, as "one of the old Nonconformists, and warmly attached to their principles. He was evidently a man of sincere piety, and of a truly charitable spirit. Not a single word of bitterness against the Church of England is to be found in his manuscript. When the religious sects increased in his days, and the old Nonconformists began to degenerate in doctrine and life, it is pitiable to read the writer's lamentations over the growth of Methodism, and the constantly-decreasing numbers of his fellow-worshippers. But he uses no harshness of expression towards those from whom he differed."

The following extracts from Mr. Yate's MSS.—fortunately made in 1873, but not previously published—are full of interest for us:—

"1752.—November 5th. This afternoon Bro. Keay preached a good sermon suitable to the day. Speaking of the great deliverance these nations had from Popery by King William III., said to this effect: *Whose great soul was determined to make the deliverance as lasting as it was great, by settling the succession of the Crown in the illustrious house of Hanover.*"

"1753.—January 7th. Richard Ratcliffe, who left our meeting-house to follow ye Methodists come to us again. He begins not to like ye Methodists, since W. Swanwick and Sam. Hilditch commenced preaching—two very illiterate and ignorant men, but very conceited, and, I think, very confident, to pretend to be public preachers. But I believe they'll not long have many followers of any understanding or virtue."

"1753.—Sabbath Day morn, October 14th. Last Thursday eve the famous Mr. Whitfield, ye Methodist, passed through this town with R. Swanwick attending him, to Rich's. house at Alkington, where I hear he preached next morning at 7 o'clock to about thirty or forty people. He did not preach in this town, as expected. He was very much insulted the day before at Nampt-wich, which I suppose occasioned his not preaching here.

"1755.—May 4th. Our very small congregation still lessens."

"1757.—September 25th. Alas! our small congregation dwindles fast."

"1758.—I am afraid our meeting must be shut up, for we have now few hearers and very few payers. This give me great anxiety, but I can't help it."

"1759.—June 24th. To-day there was an ordination at this church of eight deacons and four priests. Our rector, Dr. Newcome, Bishop of Llandaff, officiating for the Bishop of Chester. I believe there never was any at this place before. I went in the morn to church and saw it. The Bishop laid his hands on the deacons, but on the priests was joined by three other clergymen, namely, Archdeacon Ward, Mr. Jackson, vicar of Prees, and Mr. Blayney the curate. The text was Acts xx., 28. I was at meeting that afternoon, but as we came out before they went to church I went there this evening and heard Archdeacon Ward preach. Text, Psalm xix., 9. The morning sermon was a very good one, but very indifferently delivered; the evening sermon, a plain, practical discourse.

"1760.—October 26th. Just now, between five and six o'clock this eve, Mr. Kirkpatrick came to tell us (if true, which I most heartily hope may not prove true) that the king is dead. The account he gave me is this: That as he

went home from meeting, between three and four o'clock, he saw a post-chaise and four horses, with a gentleman in scarlet, turn into the "George," and he went into his father-in-law's (my coz. Yate). In a very short time the gentleman went on again, upon which Mr. Spencer came over to coz. Yate and told them the gentleman had told him the king was dead, and that he died yesterday at twelve o'clock, and that he was going express to Ireland."

Mr. Keay died in December, 1779. He was buried in the ground attached to his chapel, and the plate over his grave (there in the ministry of Thomas Jenkins, 1782-1815, now lost) stated his "having been minister of this congregation 40 years."

GEORGE EYRE EVANS,
Dodington Parsonage,
Whitchurch, in Salop.

(*To be continued.*)

The Ultimate Fact of Christianity.

Many persons are dismayed by reason of the work criticism has done upon the four gospels. They think if these, or any portion of them, are discredited, Christianity is discredited also. It is urged that as our knowledge of the character of Christ is derived from certain documents we can have no confidence in the portrait they paint for us if it is found that in any respect they are not trustworthy. But that is not so. Consider the case as it has been put by Dr. Abbott.

1.—Our knowledge of Christ depends not only on the books of the New Testament, but also on a fact by all acknowledged—I mean the great revolution called Christianity, which was and is one of the most indisputable facts in the history of the world.

2.—No satisfactory account of the revolution can be given which ignores the Originator of it.

3.—It is absolutely incredible that the Originator of so vast, so complete a revolution should have achieved his success by accidents, delusions, or impostures.

4.—It is credible and probable, *a priori*, that he succeeded in virtue of a singular intuition into the tendencies of things and a profound sympathy with the aspirations and degradations of mankind.

5.—The general consent of our Gospel narratives exhibits to us just such a character as this:—one endowed with a singular intuition into the tendencies of things—which we call the Will of God; with singular power of uplifting, attracting, and strengthening the aspirations of men—which we call faith; and lastly, with a singular power of sympathising with and destroying by his sympathy the degradations of men—which we call sins. This character, for those who accept it as a historical fact, explains the phenomena of Christianity; but those who reject it as fabulous impose on themselves the necessity of believing one of the most incredible of miracles. For since a fable must have sprung from some inventor, or inventors, it follows that those who reject Christ's personal character as fictitious must suppose that in the hey-day of Rome's power and rule there arose a sect of Galilean peasants, who, under stress of circumstances unknown, succeeded, consciously or unconsciously, in inventing some myth or fable which was afterwards developed into the character of Christ. Surely he must be a very credulous man who can believe so monstrous a miracle as that!

No; we have in the character of Christ a veritable rock, a stupendous fact. It is the ultimate fact of Christianity.

The Blessing of Service.

New blessings every morning,
New blessings still at eve,
Our lives with goodness crowning,
We as Thy gift receive.
As are the stars in number,
As are the sea-shore sands,
So many are the bounties
Still flowing from Thy hands.

But of Thy gifts, the sweetest,
The dearest is that we,
Our selfish needs forgetting,
May work and give like Thee.
The world and all its sorrows
Our hearts, like Thine, can feel;
And we, as Thy co-workers,
Can teach, and lift, and heal!

Then to this holy mission
We pledge ourselves anew:
We give our minds to seeking,
Our hearts to love, the true.
And, grateful for Thy goodness,
We join with Thee to bring
The day when, as in heaven,
Thou on the earth art King!

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.

Sunnypate.

A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

Dear little Sunnypate
  Waits for a kiss:
Oh, what a plague
  And a treasure he is!
Clean little hands
  And white little brow,
Spotless his frock
  And his pinafore *now;*
Cheeks like the roses
  And curls fair and bright—
Just for one minute
  A beautiful sight.

Look at the rogue,
  A nigger again!—
Washing is useless,
  And scrubbing is vain,—
Rolling about
  And picking up dirt,
Spoiling already
  That clean little skirt.
Black as a coal,
  Rejoicing he sees
Mud on his hands
  And mud on his knees.

Yet he "helps" mother
  And works in his way,
Runs with her thimble
  Laughing away!
Empties her work-box
  With patience and care,
Hiding her cotton-reels
  Under the chair,
Then to the wars
  He goes with a will—
Two little rosy legs
  Never are still.

Running too madly
  The little feet trip—
Oh, what a clamour,
  And oh, what a lip!
Poor little Sunnypate,
  Filled with alarms,
Finds himself folded
  In mother's dear arms.

Soon are forgotten
  The grief and the pain;
Lips begin smiling
  And chirping again;
Eyes look on brightly
  And see a new toy;
Hands are raised gladly—
  Life is all joy.
Off again, Sunnypate,
  Off to the wars!
Never a battle
  Was won without scars.

J. BLACKMORE.

A Child's Fancy.

O little flowers you love me so,
  You could not do without me;
O little birds that come and go,
  You sing sweet songs about me;
O little moss observed by few,
  That round the tree is creeping,
You like my head to rest on you,
  When I am idly sleeping.

O rushes by the river side,
  You bow when I come near you;
O fish, you leap about with pride,
  Because you think I hear you:
O river, you shine clear and light,
  To tempt me to look in you.
O water-lilies, pure and white,
  You hope that I shall win you.

O pretty things you love me so,
  I see I must not leave you;
You'd find it very dull I know,—
  I should not like to grieve you.
Don't wrinkle up, you silly moss;
  My flowers, you need not shiver;
My little birds, don't look so cross;
  Don't talk so loud, my river.

I'm *telling* you I will not go,
  Its foolish to feel slighted;
Its rude to interrupt me so,
  You ought to be delighted.
Ah! now you're growing good, I see,
  Though anger is beguiling:
The pretty blossoms nod at me,
  I see a robin smiling.

And I will make a promise, dears,
  That will content you, may be:
I'll love you through the happy years,
  Till I'm a nice old lady!
True love (like yours and mine) they say,
  Can never think of ceasing,
But year by year, and day by day,
  Keeps steadily increasing.

News from the Field.

BANBURY (*Christ Church Unitarian Chapel*).—On Saturday, July the 21st, a party, consisting of members of the congregation and teachers of the Sunday School, went out for a trip to Edgehill. Leaving the chapel gates about 2-30, the friends reached Edgehill in good time. Tea was provided by Mr. Griffin at the tea gardens. The party enjoyed themselves in exploring the woods and seeing the sights around and about the place.—On Wednesday afternoon and evening, August 1st, the scholars of the above Sunday school had their annual treat in the school-room and on the lawn and grounds of the chapel. The young people thoroughly enjoyed themselves with recreation, games, swinging, etc. A good tea of cake and bread and butter was served out to them about four o'clock. The teachers and friends were also present, and had tea with the scholars. Altogether a very happy and pleasant time was spent. The afternoon and evening proved very fine for the annual event. The minister and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Hill) were present on both occasions.

BIRMINGHAM (*Church of the Messiah*).—The Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A., is expected to commence his ministry on the first Sunday in October.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Old Meeting Church will re-open on Sunday, September 9th, when the Rev. J. Wood will preach.

BIRMINGHAM: KINGSWOOD.—On Saturday, August 11th, notwithstanding the threatening weather, some of the Kingswood botanists set off for the Forhill, and were rewarded for their enthusiasm by having an enjoyable ramble. Returning to Kingswood School they had tea, kindly provided by Mr. and Mrs. Thornton. The botanical specimens collected were afterwards named, and some particulars of their structure explained by Mr. Frank Matthews. Mr. James Huband then read a paper on "Cross fertilisation." On the conclusion of the paper there was a short discussion, joined in by Mr. W. Wilson, the Rev. J. H. Matthews, and others. Votes of thanks were given to Mr. James Huband for his excellent paper, and to Mr. F. Matthews and Mr. and Mrs. Thornton.

LYE.—*School Extension Fund, &c.* Amount acknowledged as promised or received last month, £107 16s. Later subscriptions:—Messrs. H. Wood and Son, Dudley, £3; Mr. F. S. Bolton, Birmingham, £2 2s.; Mr. E. H. Lee, Birmingham, £2 2s.; Mr. J. Innes, Birmingham, £1 1s.; Mrs. Russell, Birmingham, £1 1s.; Mr. J. S. Nettlefold, Birmingham, £1; Mrs. Robinson, Bridport, £1; Mr. W. Slatter, Brighton, 10s.; Mr. Jas. Brooks, Lye, 10s.; A Friend, Birmingham, 10s.; Mr. H. S. Smith, Birmingham, 10s.; Mr. C. Best, Birmingham, 10s.; Mrs. Lamplugh, Birmingham, 10s.; Mr. J. H. Poynting, Birmingham, 10s.; A Friend, London, 10s.; Mr. W. H. Nightingale, Birmingham, 5s.; Miss Wooldridge (2nd subscription), 1s. Total subscribed, £123 8s.

WHITCHURCH.—The choir boys of the Church of the Saviour, accompanied by a few friends spent a full day at Blackpool last week, and enjoyed the sea as only those can who live in the Midlands and so seldom get to the shore. During the past few weeks a number of young people from Liverpool have, for the fourth year, been sent here by the Domestic Mission in Mill Street, to benefit by a fortnight's residence in the country, the local arrangements being undertaken by the ladies of our congregation.—At the annual services and meetings of the Shropshire Spiritual Unity Association held last week in the parish church of St. Peter, at Stoke-on-Tern, addresses were delivered by the rectors of Hodnet and of Stoke, the Rev. George Eyre Evans, of the church of the Saviour, Whitchurch, the Rev. M. Barrett, of Norwood Congregational Church, Liverpool, and other ministers and laymen of various nonconforming bodies. The spacious church was crowded at the evening session, when Mr. Evans, speaking from the chancel steps, alluded to events of recent date, in which there was evident the greater increase of the spirit of unity and brotherhood, as seen at the opening of Manchester College, Oxford, attended amongst others by the Hon. Canon Fremantle, who spoke to the Spiritual Unity Association last year, the interchange of pulpits by the Revs. R. A. Armstrong and C. F. Aked, and the triple editorship of the *Liverpool Pulpit* by the Dean of Ely and these two nonconforming ministers. This Association, under the leadership of the Rector of Stoke, Rev. R. W. Corbet, M.A., is making rapid strides in the county, and recognising the fact that spiritual unity does exist amidst all diversity of belief, and methods of administration is doing much to promote its practical application.

The Christianity which promises to win the day fuses the old ideal of personal holiness with the new ideal of social service.

The better life cannot be imposed from without—it must grow from within.

If there were to be no death the beauty of life would be all tame.

It often happens that the outcasts of one generation are those who are reverenced as the wisest and best of men by the next.

From an old English parsonage down by the sea
There came in the twilight this message to me;
Its quaint Saxon legend, deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me, teaching for heaven.
And on through the hours the quaint words ring,
Like a low inspiration, "Doe the *nexte* thynge."

Do it immediately, do it with prayer;
Do it reliantly, casting all care;
Do it with reverence, tracing His hand,
Who hath placed it before thee, with earnest command.
Stayed on Omnipotence, safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings, "Doe the nexte thynge."

Midland Church Calendar for September.

ALCESTER: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. John Dale, Salford House. Service at 6 p.m.

ATHERSTONE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, of Tamworth. Service at 3 p.m.

BIRMINGHAM: Church of the Messiah, Broad Street.
Minister: Rev. L. P. Jacks, M.A.
Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Hurst Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. W. J. Clarke, 160, Pershore Road. Services: 10-15, 2-45, and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Fazeley Street Mission.
Minister: Rev. T. Pipe, 59, Great Brook Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Newhall Hill Church.
Minister: Rev. A. A. Charlesworth, Reservoir Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Old Meeting Church.
Minister: Rev. Joseph Wood, 120, Gough Road, Edgbaston. Services: 11 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: The Church of the Saviour.
Minister: Rev. J. C. Street, Bristol Road, Edgbaston. Services: 1 and 6-30.

BIRMINGHAM: Small Heath, Little Green Lane Board School.
Minister: Rev. Edward J. Sale, 70, Whitmore Road, Small Heath. Service at 6-30 p.m.

BANBURY: Christchurch Chapel, Horse Fair.
Minister: Rev. H. Hill, 5, Crouch Street. Service: Evening, 6-30.

COSELEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry Eachus. Services: 11 and 6-30.

CRADLEY: Netherend Chapel.
Minister: [Vacant.] Services 11 and 6-30.

DUDLEY: The Old Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. A. H. Shelley. Services: 11 and 6-30.

EVESHAM: Oat Street Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Rudolf Davis. Services: 11 and 6-30.

KIDDERMINSTER:
Minister: Rev. E. D. Priestley Evans. Services: 10-30 and 6-30.

KINGSWOOD: Kingswood Chapel, Hollywood.
Minister: Rev. J. Hardinge Matthews. Services: 11 and 6-30.

LOUGHBOROUGH: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. H. Haycock, Beacon Road. Services: 10-45 and 6-30.

OLDBURY: Unitarian Meeting House.
Minister: Rev. Henry McKean, The Dingle, Oldbury. Services: 11 and 6-30.

SHREWSBURY: High Street Church.
Minister: Rev. E. Myers, F.G.S., Claremont Hill. Services: 11 and 6-30.

STOURBRIDGE: Presbyterian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. A. W. Timmis. Services: 11 and 6-30. Annual Sermons on August 12th, at 3-30 o'clock by Rev. C. C. Coe.

TAMWORTH: Cole Hill Chapel.
Minister: Rev. J. Howard, 17, Aldergate. Services: 11 and 6-30.

THE LYE: Unitarian Chapel.
Minister: Rev. I. Wrigley, B.A. Service: 6-30.

WALSALL. Unitarian Free Church.
Minister: Rev. Peter Dean, 3, Sandwell Street. Services: 11-15 and 6-30.

WEST BROMWICH: Lodge Road Chapel.
Minister: Rev. John Harrison Jesson Street. Services: 11 and 6-30.

WHITCHURCH: Church of the Saviour.
Minister: Rev. George Eyre Evans, Doddington Parsonage. Services: 11, 2-15 for Children, 6-30.

WOLVERHAMPTON: Unity Church, Snow Hill.
Minister: Rev. L. G. Harris Crook, Oaklands Road. Services: 11 and 6-30.